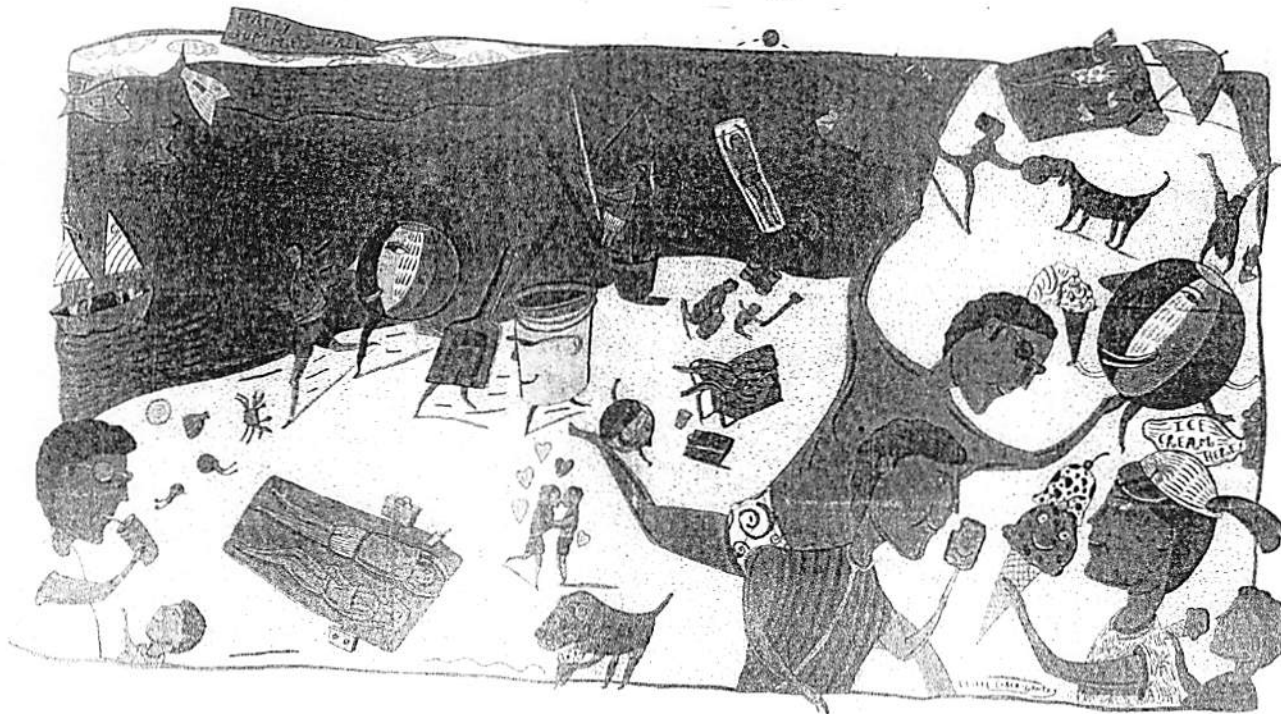


# SOUTH WEEKLY

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## Summer at high tide

By Jeff McLaughlin  
GLOBE STAFF

**W**e are all awash in summer now, floating half-submerged in a sea of time. Summer reaches to all our horizons. The thrilling promise of the spring warblers' songs is fulfilled, the threat of honking geese in chevron flight is a dream-image from an impossible future. We have splashed into August.

**D**on't ever try to tell a 10-year-old that it's not a good beach day. Short of a monsoon rain, every day is a good beach day to the infinitely curious of that magical age. "Can it be there was only one summer that I was 10?"

### It's midseason for farming, fishing and fun

asked poet May Swenson, whose gift was to retain the wonder of childhood as she mastered a complex craft.

Out along Humarock Beach in Marshfield one cool and cloudy morning last week, 10-year-old Jimmy Taylor was watching the incoming tide nibble at his sand castle. He had dug a deep moat in front of it, and walls behind the moat, but the moat had filled, the walls were being breached, and in one or two places the tongues of the sea had reached up the beach to attack the castle itself.

"You know, when it's the ocean, water can run uphill," he informed a passing beachcomber. "Gravity pulls it."

**A**lmost all the piping plover chicks have fledged now on Duxbury Beach. There were 11 nests established by the endangered species this summer along the 4-mile strand that runs from the Marshfield line toward The Gurnet, a colony of Plymouth that is accessible only via Duxbury trails — or by boat. "We had 29 chicks," said Duxbury assistant harbor master Ryan Chandler proudly as he drove along the four-wheel-drive track between Duxbury Bay and the ocean. "All but five have learned to fly, and the others will fledge any day now."

Chandler's Ford Bronco soon overtook Jack Clarke of the Massachusetts Audubon Society, who was leading a group of a

dozen adults on a walk along the beach, discussing coastal zone management issues. Before he joined Mass. Audubon, Clarke worked for the state and helped draw up recommendations for towns to follow in taking care of barrier beaches. Duxbury paid attention.

Duxbury Beach has been the most successful plover habitat in the state this year, Chandler said, and among its least controversial. The credit is due largely to his boss, harbor master Don Beers, who helped to develop an effective beach management plan that nurtures the diminutive birds but also accommodates four-wheel-drive vehicles.

Before they fledge, plover chicks are

extremely vulnerable, and federal law requires them to be protected — which means restrictions are imposed on off-road vehicles. In Duxbury, eight plover monitors have spent day after day this summer observing the birds as they scurry from bay to ocean, wrackline to dune, searching for food.

"We've been able to shift the restricted areas daily, because we know exactly where the birds are at all times," said Chandler.

"The goal is to find a middle ground, helping the species recover but also accommodating four-wheelers," he said. "We keep the revenues coming in from over-sand vehicle permits, because people know they're going to have access, and the revenue lets us hire monitors and beach off-

SUMMER, Page 4

# Summer hits midseason for farming, fishing and fun

## ■ SUMMER

Continued from Page 1

cers, which helps protect the birds."

An August lesson: Sometimes I help you. Sometimes you help me. It's a good system.

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A way from the shore, the soul of midsummer can be found in well-loved gardens. A Texas songwriter, Guy Clark, wrote, "There's only two things that money can't buy/ That's true true love, and home-grown tomatoes."

Clark was mostly right. You're on your own looking for true true love, but big plump tomatoes are just now coming in at Cervelli Farm in Hanover. They're for sale, but they're also home-grown - this is a second-generation family farm, and the tomato patch is just a sprinkler's reach from the Cervelli homestead.

"This year's been really slow, the weather's been tough," said Shauna Gasunas of Hanson, who manages the Hanover stand while her boss, Frank Cervelli Jr., works the Hanover fields or the 400 acres that his father, Frank Sr., owns down in Rochester.

"For sweet corn and tomatoes especially, you want sunny days and hot nights, in the 70s and 80s at night," said Gasunas, a recent graduate of the University of Vermont, where she majored in sustainable agriculture. "We haven't had that kind of weather this year. We usually get started picking sweet corn by the Fourth of July, but this year it was two weeks after that."



Song Her, 16, of Brockton, fishes in West Monponsett Pond in Halifax.

English literature class surfaced, Christine Donoghue of Hanover, a three-year veteran of the Cervelli Farm stand, brought in exquisite bouquets of cosmos from the fields.

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Many fishermen will long remember the striped bass and bluefish of Summer '96, but those are not the only fish in the sea - and the sea is not the only place to fish.

Lee Her and Song Her spent a few relaxed hours fishing for sunfish in West Monponsett Pond in Halifax last week - a peaceful scene for the fishermen.

outside is best, Kilnapp seemed to be saying. He just grinned, nodded, slipped his headphones back on and went back to the job at hand.

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Tuesday was just the second day of the current session of camp for 281 youngsters at Camp Satucket, the 46-acre facility operated by the East Bridgewater Division of the Old Colony Y.

"At the start of a session, we're working to build friendships, a spirit of cooperation," said Katie Scammell.

was two weeks after that. And people have been coming in every day asking if the native tomatoes are ready. Finally this week they are." ready. Finally this week they are."

August's bounty is not limited to corn and tomatoes. The rows are also yielding string beans, Swiss chard, summer squash, hot peppers and green cucumbers - it's a long list.

Nor are the flowers of middle summer to be forgotten. Shakespeare wrote that they were a special gift "to men of middle age." Just as that relic memory from a long-ago

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"We are just playing, fooling around," said Lee, who is Hmong and arrived in the United States from Laos in 1989. "Work is shut down for a week, not enough time to go on a trip, so we are just playing here." How's the fishing, he was asked. He shrugged. "They are very little," he said. "Just for the pan. But it is nice to be here. This is a good day."

Fishermen of many cultures, it seems, embrace the same summer ethos: You go for the fishing, not for the fish.

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**N**ot everyone is on holiday in summer. Summer can be a trying time for roofers, asphalt workers, painters, carpenters ... anyone who works outside when the sun is high and hot. So even if beach bunnies have had reason to complain this year, their sentiments have not been universal.

"You start early, 7, 7:30 in the morning, done by 3:30," said Edward Kilnapp, talking as he applied a new coat of stain to the Plymouth Rest Area Information Center at Exit 5 off Route 3. "It's been a pretty good summer this year, though, no complaints," said Kilnapp, who works for P.J. Riley Co. of Boston. "And we want a good-looking welcome for the tourists. This building is 13 years old, definitely time for it to get painted and stained. This is a good job."

If one has to labor, then, working

or Norwell, who coordinates school-age programs for the Old Colony Y year-round. "You start to see who's a natural leader, who needs a little encouragement, who's shy."

Scammell and assistant camp director Jeff Marsden, a fifth-grade teacher in East Douglas during the school year, led a visitor to the ropes area, where a group of a dozen or so children, 10 to 12 years old, were figuring out how the spider web game worked. A web of ropes had been strung between two trees. All of the kids had to go from one side of the web to the other - without any two children using the same open space in the web, and without any of them dislodging a wooden wishbone that was carefully balanced on one strand of rope near an anchoring tree.

"It takes teamwork," said Marsden. "The bigger kids have to lift the littler ones so they can use the holes in the web that are well off the ground. The quick and agile ones can't use up all the large spaces near the ground or else the big kids won't be able to make it. It's a lot of fun, and a good lesson for a summer afternoon."

The children did it, the last, tallest boy barely clearing a rope with the big foot that promises he'll be taller still before the summer is over. He raised his arms over his head and led the whoops of triumph from the whole crowd. Success had crowned this day at camp.

Another good lesson came to mind - from novelist Henry James, who put it this way: "Summer afternoon, summer afternoon; to me those have always been the two most beautiful words in the English language."